

"Let no peace be granted until the American flag is nailed to the flagstuffs of Porto Rico and the Philippines—not simply hoisted there, but nailed."
(Dispatch from W. R. Hearst to the Journal, from Santiago, June 27.)
AND IT IS NAILED THERE NOW.

NEW YORK JOURNAL
AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

The Flag Nailed in the Philippines.

National expansion is safe. What the Spanish Commissioners at Paris have done or may do is immaterial. The essential thing is what we demand, for what we demand we shall have.

We have announced our intention to take the Philippines, and have given Spain a week to decide whether she will hand them over peaceably and receive \$20,000,000 as a consolation premium or have them taken from her without payment and with some of her other possessions thrown in for our trouble.

We have discussed elsewhere the proposed payment of \$20,000,000 for the prize we have fairly won in war. But whatever blunders the Government may make in matters of dollars and cents can be lived down. The substantial fact is that 114,000 square miles of fertile soil are henceforth to be opened to American civilization; to be developed according to American ideas, and to be occupied as far as practicable by American settlers.

We come to the American Philippines! The flag is up in the Old World, and long may it wave!

**THE RECON-
CENTRADOS
OF NEW YORK.**

The Journal is in receipt of a pathetic letter, of which the following extracts are a part:

I am thirty years of age, can speak and write the English, French and Spanish languages, am versatile enough to accommodate myself to almost any kind of work, and yet am unable to procure work. I have advertised and answered ads. in the various dailies for the past year, without success. I have called on and explained the condition of things to all my friends and acquaintances. Their invariable reply has been: "I will let you know should I hear of anything." So far they seem to have heard of nothing. Were I a bachelor the situation would not bother and worry me quite so much, but when a man has a wife and an infant to support, the condition is aggravated, especially when his pockets are depleted and there are no prospects of getting anything to do. Shortly after the outbreak of the war I enlisted in the United States Army Hospital Corps, and have recently received my "honorable discharge." I am accustomed to hard work and long hours, and can furnish excellent references as to my character and ability. Should any gentleman offer me work, he shall have the eternal gratitude and faithful services of an honest man and the blessings of a distressed woman.

A. D. G.

Such an appeal as this wrings the heart. What is the matter with our society when young men of education, accomplishments, industry and character must see their wives and children suffer because they are not allowed to do any of the work that the world needs and is trying to have done?

It is poor consolation to a man whose rent is overdue to talk about the possibility of an improved social system in the remote future. What he wants is some way of finding food and shelter for his family now. The Journal is overwhelmed with pitiful appeals of this sort. It does what it can to meet them by publishing advertisements for situations or help without charge. It does seem as if in this busy city there ought to be some opening for such a man as our correspondent seems to be. Can nobody point to a way out of his desperate position?

PUGILISM IS UNDOUBTEDLY under a cloud. Some people say it is dead. And yet what opera company, what theatrical star, or what silver-tongued Zangwill or Calne of the lecture platform, could collect an audience at \$10 a seat and \$100 a box, as Corbett and Sharkey will do to-night?

WELCOME TO CALIXTO GARCIA, gallant soldier and wise patriot. He has shown his confidence in Americans, and has exerted his great influence to instill that confidence into his countrymen. Let us hope that we shall deserve it.

HIGH BORN LADY'S LARK. WINIFRED BLACK FINDS A SERMON IN IT

SOCIETY is holding up its hands because a pretty girl, blacked her face and waited on the table at a man's dinner. The dinner was in the house where the pretty girl was visiting. The waiter who was to assist her, perforce, deserted at the last minute. There was no one to "pass the plate and a opinion of the wine," and the pretty girl was good-natured enough and clever enough to disguise herself as a waitress and help her hostess out of a disagreeable dilemma.

She knew the guests at the dinner—had known most of them since she was a child—and she possibly labored under the delusion that they were gentlemen. Probably they were gentlemen. Probably the silly stories about the chin-chuckings and the "man-gal'-sahigh-born lady" episodes are all figments of some envious detractor's not overly brilliant brain.

In all human probability the pretty girl began her innocent little lark thinking it would be a great lark and ended by being terribly bored.

But—by all, and with all—acknowledging, considering and allowing, and all the modulations and conciliatory phrases to the front notwithstanding—but what a great, big, yawning gulf there is between the man's world and the woman's world, after all.

The women of to-day ride as well as men, golf as well as men, swim as well as men, play poker—a few of them—as well as men. They belong to clubs and they discuss questions that women never heard of a few years ago.

They talk a lot about "knowing the world" and "seeing life." But oh, but oh, how little, how very, very little they know when they say those fateful words!

Every woman who is worth knowing lives behind a veil.

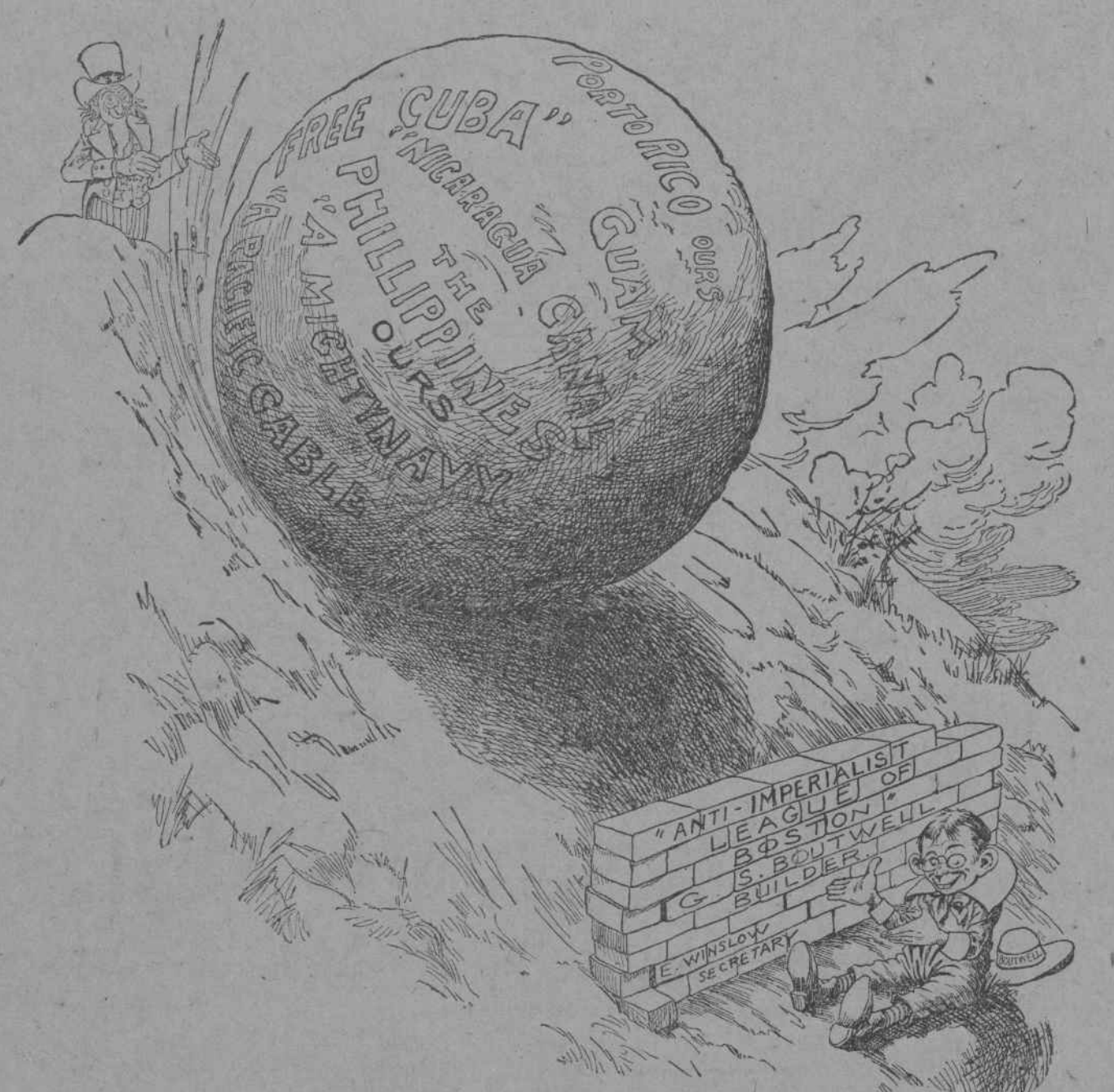
There is, fortunately for her peace of mind, always a little misty something between her and the crude, boisterous, highly colored, somewhat sordid affair we call life.

Sometimes in the big cities one sees women who have looked at the world with uncovered eyes—and the faces of those women are not good to see. Sometimes a really good woman lifts the corner of the veil a little and looks out.

She always cries and wishes she hadn't done it. I know a woman who went to see a prize fight.

WINIFRED BLACK.

HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT IT WEIGHS!



THE BOSTON BOY: "Now Watch Me Stop It."

**AN HONEST
MAN'S
QUESTION.**

Is the vow to be broken, and if so, for what reasons? J. H. KING, 21 Main street, Preston, Conn.

Mr. King's question is that of an honest man. Those who advocate the annexation of Cuba now are not honest men. They may call their dishonesty by fine names and talk grandly of the fruits of the war and the usefulness of the Cubans to govern themselves, but the dishonesty shows through the varnish of phraseology. The honest men of the country, however, outnumber the dishonest, and Cuba will become independent. This nation's honor is pledged to that, and American honor will be maintained.

The motives of the annexationists are various. Some are merely thoughtless, and say we ought to keep Cuba because we made sacri-

fices to wrest it from Spain. Others are of the predatory caste, who see profit in theft.

Doubtless Cuba will ultimately be annexed to the United States, but that will be only when the people of Cuba ask for admission to the Union, as the people of Texas did.

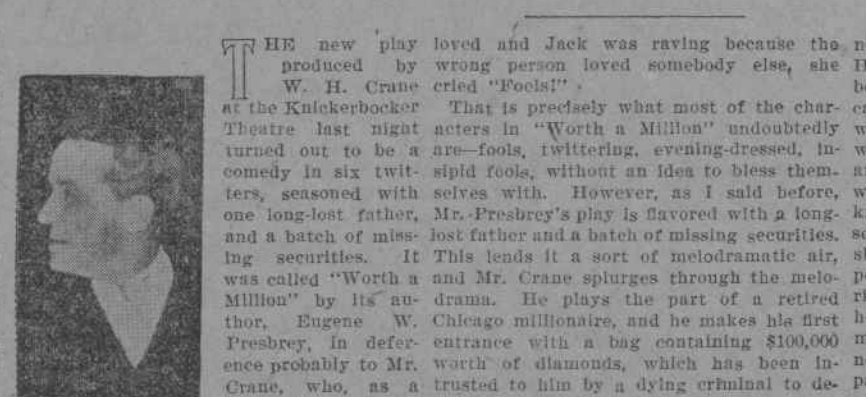
The crime of which Mr. King, of Preston, Connecticut, is apprehensive will never be committed, no matter how many rogues of high and low degree may scheme and clamor for it.

**THE GERMAN
HORSEFLESH
MARKET.**

offer no effective competition.

The German Government, in its wisdom, protects its people from American meat, but it forgets to furnish them anything to replace it. It would seem to the ordinary mind as if the beef, pork and mutton on which seventy-five million Americans thrive might be better eating than German horses.

CRANE'S "WORTH A MILLION." ALAN DALE REVIEWS THE NEW COMEDY.



THE new play produced by W. H. Crane at the Knickerbocker Theatre last night turned out to be a comedy in six twitters, seasoned with one long-lost father, and a batch of missing securities. It lends it a sort of melodramatic air, and Mr. Crane splices through the melodrama. He plays the part of a retired Chicago millionaire, and he makes his first entrance with a bag containing \$100,000 worth of diamonds, which has been entrusted to him by a dying criminal to deliver to an unknown girl.

I am always suspicious of plays that begin with values of jewels, because I know that later on they will be stolen, and that the person who hasn't stolen them will be accused of the crime. But I went anticipating. The Colonel, by one of those remarkable coincidences to be found in the drama occasionally, discovers the girl very easily. In fact, she blows in upon him after he has advertised. She is not the daughter of the defunct criminal, but of that criminal's partner, who had borne the brunt of the crime. (Are you getting mixed? I'm not going to pursue the subject much further.)

The unfortunate convict, who is a damp, smug-colored gentleman with an Independent Theatre forehead, is taken into the firm of Jasper Sharp. The diamonds are converted into securities. Jasper's son speculates with them, and the crown is discovered just as Phyllis and Jasper's son are about to be wedded. The convict-father is, of course, accused, the wedding is stopped, and the gallant colonel steps into the breach and saves everybody from everything. This is the other extreme of twitting. It is what the actor would call "strong," but its strength is slightly misplaced at the Knickerbocker Theatre.

Mr. Crane had other work to do—and pleasant work. He was at his best frolicking with a widow, who had three wedding rings and wanted a fourth. But Mr. Crane, who is not at all anxious to make us laugh nowadays, was too completely enslaved by the long lost father and the missing securities to pay much attention to his lighter moments. "Worth a Million" was such an odd combination of snuff and snuff, of twitter and melodrama, of smug and rant that it was completely perplexing. And my lady neighbor who cried out "Fools!" criticised the play more succinctly and more ably than I can hope to do.

Mr. Crane was as easy as Mr. Presbrey would permit him to be. Nobody so thoroughly enjoys playing with wads of gold.

ness and clois of generosity as this actor. He revels in doing the right thing by every body on the stage and posing in the match calculation. In "Worth a Million" while they were all making idiots of themselves, he was arranging their lives neatly for them and offering \$100,000 from his own pocket when the rascally Frank's naughtiness was known. I must confess that I am tired of seeing Crane as everybody's benefactor. I should like to see him just for once as a poverty-stricken criminal, devoid of all righteous sentiment. He played his part, however, in his accustomed way, with as much naturalness as possible, and I have no doubt that he thinks it an excellent part. I don't agree with him.

Walter Hale was a New York artist—one of the twitters—with a demeanor that most critics call "manly." An actor is always "manly" when he stands bolt upright and bangs the door after him when he makes his exit. I could see nothing but this kind of manliness in Mr. Hale's work. Boyd Putnam was another twitter, a gentleman of leisure, a trifle too stout to twitter convincingly, but not unpleasant. Frederick Truesdell was the speculative juvenile, with some force, and William Boag was a properly expressed ex-convict, suffering from another's crimes, limp, be-draggled, snuff-colored and lachrymose.

The ladies were beautiful clothes, and they can be praised for no other cause, with the exception of Miss Gladys Wallis, who is an excellent lugenue. Miss Wallis could be better if she would shelve her self-consciousness before it sprouts more emphatically.

Miss Isobel Haskins (why not Miss Isobel Haskins) as the much-married lady was scarcely sprightly enough for the part. It takes a very ecstatic lady to live through that third-act gown—a white affair splashed with what looked like raspberry jam. Miss Haskins was too tame.

Miss Percy Haswell simpered so perpetually that you wondered how she did it. It was a sort of white muslin slither, but it was very irritating and distressingly giddy-giddy. It was during Miss Haswell's scene that my neighbor cried "Fools." Then there was Miss Kate Lester as a pillow society mamma, who could scarcely be heard. However, the cast was quite as good as the play deserved. There is no need to waste actors on twitters, and "Worth a Million" was little else. Mr. Crane is not the man to take charge of melodramatic seasoning. This play is a careful misfit.

Lease Majeste. Editorial Assistant—Here's that poem by Rudyard Kipling we have been waiting for.

Editor—Run it in. Hold on, though! See if it's an acoustic drat.—Chicago Tribune.

**CHARITY
BEGINS
AT HOME.**

Why should the United States pay Spain \$20,000,000, or 20 cents, for the Philippines? If we have won them in war they are ours, and we owe Spain nothing. To offer her money is to question our own right—to appear in the light of one compensating another for enforced submission to a wrong.

No doubt the holders of the Philippine bonds would be delighted to have them paid in American money, but their true, their only debtor is Spain. Let them look to Spain, therefore, along with the Cuban bondholders.

The argument of generosity to a beaten enemy is pleasing, but we have been exceedingly generous to Spain already. The war indemnity which custom would have justified us in imposing upon her is being paid by the American people. Every citizen of the United States who flicks a revenue stamp does what should be done by the man in Madrid. This is a rich nation, but there are plenty of poor people in it, and war taxes, like other taxes, are a burden. A little more justice to the tax-laden American and a little less generosity to an enemy that fails to appreciate it would be becoming in the Administration.

Spain declines, through her Peace Commissioners, to accept the proffered \$20,000,000. The declination is the thinnest of pretences. What is her alternative? More war? Fancy Spain inviting again the guns of our navy! She will accept the \$20,000,000, and half of it, or nothing, or pay us any sum we may demand, for she is helpless.

A comedy is being played at Paris in the interest of the bondholders. They are the masters of Spain's actions there, which is not remarkable. But it is remarkable that they should be able to do the prompting for the American actors also.

**MR. PLATT'S
BEER
CRUSADE.**

Mr. Platt says he wants pure beer. So do the people of New York.

Mr. Platt's motives are immaterial. Doubtless his desire for pure beer would have been more easily restrained if the brewers had supported the Republican ticket in the late election. But that cuts no figure. All the people are concerned about are results.

If Mr. Platt carries out his professed purpose in good faith he will not injure any honest brewer in the State. The prohibition of adulterations need not cost the makers of wholesome beer either annoyance or money. But if the purpose be to harass and fine the brewers under false sanitary pretences—to inflict political persecution upon a business that is as legitimate as the manufacture of cheese, and much more so than that of ice cream soda—Mr. Platt will find that he has been playing with edged tools.

**SNUFFING OUT
THE
CIGARETTE.**

Judge Caldwell, of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, has struck terror to the heart of the Tobacco Trust by deciding that the new State law prohibiting the sale of cigarettes is constitutional. The law is of the most sweeping character, and the decision is equally so. Judge Caldwell holds that cigarettes are wholly deleterious, and so are not entitled to any of the privileges of legitimate articles of commerce. He does not admit that the packages in which they are sold are "original packages" in the sense in which the United States Supreme Court applied the term to bottles of liquor, and so denies to them the protection of the Federal laws.

This decision is certain to stimulate the movement for anti-cigarette laws in other States. If sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States, to which the case is to be carried, it will be a landmark in the progress of this needed reform.

**QUAY
INDICTED,
BUT STILL BOSS.**

Notwithstanding the result of the recent elections, a Grand Jury in Philadelphia has been so disrespectful as to indict the Republican party of Pennsylvania on the frivolous ground that he misused public funds.

The indictment includes the party's heir apparent, young Richard R. Quay, and ex-State Treasurer Haywood. Nevertheless the Republican party of Pennsylvania, whether in or out of jail, will proceed to re-elect himself to the Senate as soon as his Legislature meets, and doubtless the people will endorse his course at the next election. It has been long since Pennsylvania could be shocked by a little thing like an indictment in connection with their great and good proprietor, the Hon. Matthew Stanley Quay.

NOT AFRAID OF POWDER. NOR PAINT, EITHER, SAYS KNICKERBOCKER.

DO not know what the fashion will be later on, but just at present it is paint and dye. I have never seen so many painted women in my life as were at the Horse Show.

A very funny freak of fashion is that among those whom we are not supposed to know paint is not a la mode.

It is only the grande dame who makes herself look like a walking white sepulchre. I was struck with this yesterday on Fifth avenue. A carriage with two men on the box dashed down the street. Leading back in a gorgeous open equipage was one of the best known women in New York society. Her hair was dyed a brilliant gold green, her face was whitened and then rouge put on in hunks. Her costume was a violent purple, with a purple hat, which made the paint on her face all the more pronounced.

Ten minutes afterward another carriage, same style, same rank in New York, containing other famous beauties. She was thin almost to emaciation. Purple and brown, in vivid contrasts were mixed in her costume and the rouge on her face was carmine.

On the sidewalk a natty little Viennese woman stood and looked at the carriage. She had the complexion of a baby. Not a trace of make-up. She shrugged her shoulders and laughed. She was not of the world by one-half to which the great ladies belonged. But she looked much more decent.

This criticism applies especially to a certain set of matrons who have placed a cordon of exclusiveness around their set. It is the one thing about which New York is now talking.

There are other fashionable women with magnificent complexions—such women as Mrs. Oelrichs, Mrs. Mackay, Miss Fair, Mrs. Belmont, Mrs. Benedict—to whom this new fashion would appear ridiculous.

But it has evidently been imported from England, where it is said the Princess of Wales is addicted to cosmetics, and where many of the women with fresh country complexions smear their faces with paint and powder because royalty is obliged to hide the ravages of time.

So the Bradley Martins are to leave us forever. No more fancy dress balls, no more mammoth dinner parties and no more blinding of eyes with the glitter of diamonds. The Bradley Martins are to live abroad. Mrs. Bradley Martin is at last to try a season in London.

If the descriptions of her son-in-law, the Earl of Craven, are correct, what a guy he must be. Fancy a smart man in New York with tousled hair and an imperial chin whisker. And then his wonderful get-ups with white waistcoats with enormous black buttons and black shirt studs.

I have heard no more of Mr. Potter's efforts to obtain a divorce and of his remarriage, about which much was said last Summer at Narragansett.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.